

CHAPTER VII. After that interview with Felix I returned forthwith to London. I had accomplished the object of my journey and did not care about staying longer in Paris. My mind was much perturbed, as I was quite unable to come to any conclusion respecting the episode at the Fen inn. Beyond all doubt I had proved that Francis was at Marshminster, Felix in Paris. Who, then, was the man I had met at the iun? It was impossible that I could be mistaken in the identity of my college friend, yet in the face of such evidence as I had gathered it was ridiculous to cling to my first impressions. There could not be three brothers exactly alike in personal appearances, and yet I had beheld three men-at the Fen inn, at Marshminster and in Paris -who resembled each other in every respect. The more I pondered over the mystery, the deeper did it become, and

the more confused grew my brain. I began to think that I was the victim of some hallucination, as I could explain the matter in no other way. With this idea, which was the only feasible one left to me, I took the advice of Felix and on my return to town went to see Dr. Merrick. He, a specialist on diseases of the brain, listened to my story with great attention and questioned me closely on all points.

"There is some trickery about this, Mr. Denham, " he said after considera-

"You do not, then, think my meeting with Francis Briarfield was a hallucination?" I asked engerly.

"There is no hallucination about you, sir," was the comforting response, "You seem to me as sane and matter of fact a person as I ever met.

Then, if it is not hallucination, how do you account for my having met three men all exactly alike when I know there are only two with that special appearance in existence?"

"I think it is trickery," repeated "Columbus and his egg once again," Merrick, nursing his chin. "This is said Merrick grimly. "Well, what are more a case for a detective than for a you going to do next?" doctor. Were I you, Mr. Denham, I the mystery thoroughly. The matter | night after the murder." seems miraculous to you now, but I feel oure when you learn the solution you will be surprised at its simplicity."

"If I am sane, as you say and as I believe myself to be, I will thrash out the matter myself."

"Better get a trained man, Mr. Denham. From what you have told me I had just arrived from Chile. Now see you have to deal with a criminal of find out what boat he came by, look up no ordinary intelligence. It is an ex- his name in the passenger list and astraordinary case," mused the doctor, certain the date on which the true Fran"and I do not wonder at the fascinacis arrived in England. That point esthe Richelieu for a few weeks. He made tion it seems to exercise over you. Were I in your place"-

"Were you in my place?" seeing h hesitated.

"Here am I setting up for a lawyer, said Merrick quaintly. "To tell you the his forefinger, "I expect to be kept fully honest truth, Mr. Denham, you have advised of the case. inoculated me with detective fever. I should like to solve this problem myself. Criminal investigation has always another nut, I'll bring it to you to been rather a hobby of mine. In my crack.' business I meet with some queer experiences. There are more insane people in the world than you think."

"Tell me your ideas, doctor, and I'll carry them out and report progress." "Good! I'll be the sleeping partner," he said in an amused tone, "but I warn you, Mr. Denham, that from what I see of this case it will be one of great difficulty and may take months to work plied Merrick, and so I took my leave.

"I don't mind that. It is nothing to an idle man like myself, but I am afraid, Dr. Merrick, I take up your valnable time.

"Oh, I can spare a few minutes," said the doctor quickly. "I work hard enough, so it is permitted to even a professional man to indulge occasionally in some anusement. This case is so to

"Well, and your iden?" "In the first place, I am inclined to agree with your ideas of Felix passing

himself off as Francis."

"I have abandoned that idea," said I dolefully. "I saw Felix in Parist" "Wait a moment," replied Merrick. "We'll come to that later on. Furthermore, I believe it was Felix you met at Marshminster-Felix, who called himself Francis and posed as the lover of Miss Bellin.

"But I saw him in Paris," said I, again clinging to that undeniable fact. "I know you did, but the pretended Francis of Marshminster and the real Felix of Paris are one and the same per-

"You mean that he followed me over." I cried, suddenly enlightened "Precisely, and suborned the manager of the Hotel des Etrangers,"

"But why should he do that?" "Can't you see?" said Merrick impatiently. "Felix wants to put a stop to your following up this case. From your story it is quite probable that he killed his brother through Strent. The whole circumstances of that lone inn are very suspicious. Your unforeseen arrival on gers.' that night complicated matters. You saw how unwilling they were to admit you. Had you not arrived Francis would have vanished from the world, and none would have been a bit wiser. But when you with a list of passengers. What's you came to Bellis Hall Felix saw a new source of danger not only to his character, but to his life. He asked for went himself to the Fen inn and hid the corpse in some bog hole."

"Impossible!" "I'll stake my life that it is so," said Merrick calmly. "Make inquiries as to so. Here's the Jerusalem!" the movements of Felix Briarfield on that night, and I'll lay anything you'll find he went to the Fen inn."

"That, then," said I, "was the reason he was so ready to go there next

morning with me." "Exactly! He knew well, thanks to dence there to convict him of a crime, your obstinacy raised a new danger. You said you would go to Paris and satisfy yourself of the existence of Felix. Now, then, you remained two days in

"Yes. I was not quite sure whether It was worth while carrying on the mat-

"It was a pity you wasted so much time," said Merrick, "for Felix took advantage of your negligence to slip to Paris and lay a trap for you. In plain words, he disappeared from Marshminster as Francis and reappeared in Paris

"He might have done so. But don't you think I would have guessed the identity of the one with the other?"

"How could you," said the doctor, 'when the twins are alike in every respect? And, moreover, you firmly be-lieved Olivia Bellin's lover was in Marshminster.

"But if I go down at once to Marsh-minster I'll detect the absence of Felix and so guess what has taken place." "If you go down to Marshminster, you'll find Felix back again in his old

"Then Paris?" I queried uneasily. I was beginning to see I had been duped. "You forget Mr. Felix of Paris has gone to Italy and left no address. It's all safe there, and as he said he was going to the east for six months or so there will be plenty of time for the pretended Francis to marry Olivia.'

"You don't believe that Felix of Paris has gone to Italy or the east?" "Of course not. I believe he arranged all these matters to baffle your prying and then calmly returned to Marshmin-

"But the manager of the hotel?" "He is in the pay of Felix. You'll get nothing out of him. Now, I am certain that is the explanation. Are you not surprised at its simplicity?"

"Yes, I am. It is astonishing I never thought of it before."

"To drive to Marshminster and find would employ a good detective and probe out the movements of Felix on the

> "Quite so, but first satisfy yourself on the subject of Francis."

"What do you mean?" I asked. "What day of the month were you at the Fen inn?' continued Merrick.

"On the 10th of June." "Good! Francis there told you that he tablished, you can prove the false Francis to be an impostor."

"An excellent idea," said I, starting to my feet. "I'll see about it at once." "And mind," said Merrick, raising

"Never fear, doctor. You are excellent at solving puzzles. When I find

"Do! I take great interest in this sort of cases. I ought to have been a lawyer instead of a doctor."

"I'm thankful for my own sake you are the latter," said I, shaking his hand. "Goodby, doctor. I am greatly obliged for the kind interest you have taken in this case."

"Pure selfishness, I assure you," re-Before searching the shipping lists I sent two telegrams, one to the manager of the Hotel des Etrangers, asking if Mr. Felix Briarfield was still there; the other to my Aunt Jane, inquiring whether Mr. Francis Briarfield was in Marshminster. This business having been dispatched, I took a hansom to the city and saw a merchant of my acquaintance. He was an old friend and

willing to oblige me in every way. "Chambers," said I when in his office. 'I want to find out a ship that arrived in London from Chile during the pres-

ent month." "During June," said Chambers,



'I'll stake my life it is so," said Merrick calmly.

Well, there's no difficulty about that. What is her name?"'

"That is one of the things I wish to find out; also the names of the passen-"Come with me to the Jerusalem,"

said Chambers, picking up his hat. 'You'll find there her name and agents. Go to the agents, and they will supply up now?" "Nothing particular," I answered

"I have reason to believe carelessly. a night's grace. During that night he a friend of mine returned from South America this month, and I want to make certain."

"Well, if he came under his own name, you'll have no difficulty in doing

This is, it is well known, a shipping club for the convenience of merchants. It tells them all about ingoing and outgoing vessels, gives information regarding cargoes and in fact supplies all kinds of knowledge useful to those who have argosies afloat. Chambers was well achis forethought, that there was no evi- quainted with the mode of procedure, so I let him do all the work. It was and he could still keep up his impos- now the 16th of June, and as Francis ture. So far all was in his favor, but | had informed me he had arrived during

the month there was not much diffi

culty in finding what I wanted. "Here you are," said Chambers, beckoning to me. "Only one ship this month from Chile-a steamer, the Copiapo Arrived on the 6th of June. Dane & Paxton, 45 Deverenx lane."

I copied this down in my notebook, refused Chambers' hospitable invitation to luncheon and went off at once to Devereux lane. Here I had no difficulty in seeing the passenger list of the Co piapo, and one of the first names I set my eyes on was Francis Briarfield.

"This puts the matter beyond all

loubt," said I, making a note of this. 'If Francis Briarfield did not arrive in London till the 6th of this month, he cannot be the man new bearing his name at Bellin Hall. I was now perfectly satisfied that

Merrick's idea was correct. In order to confuse and throw me off the scent, Felix had followed me to Paris and appeared in propria persona. But for the doctor's suggestion of the shipping list I should not have been able to prove this, but now I held incontrovertible evidence in my hands to prove that Felix was trading on the marvelous resem--blance between his brother and himself. Francis had arrived in England on the 6th of June, he had met me at the Fen inn on the 10th and had there been foully done to death by his brother through a third party. But I was now on the trail and hoped to run to earth both the unnatural brother and his vile tool. I felt like the hero of some wild romance.

On returning to my rooms in Duke street I wrote off at once to Merrick. telling him of my success in proving the identity of Francis with the man who had been slain at the lone inn. It now remained for me to go down to Marshminster and there make inquiries as to the movements of Felix on the night in question.

I felt confident that I could pursue, such a search without hindrance, as he would be quite satisfied that I would now rest after the Paris episode. No man in his senses would search for a dead man when that man had been conclusively proved to be alive. So Felix doubtless thought and rejoiced in his cleverness in thus putting an end to my inquiries. But mark how ironical is fate. Felix advised me to consult a doctor about my hallucination, as he chose to call it. I took that advice and saw Merrick. Merrick had nullified all his plans by solving the riddle with

which Felix was trying to baffle me. It was hard on Felix to thus be the means of pointing the way to his own destruction. But then fate is so ironical. That afternoon I received answers to

my telegrams. The first, from Paris, stated that Mr. Felix Briarfield had started for Italy; the second, from Marshminster, informed me that Francis Briarfield was staying at Bellin Hall.

"No," said I, on reading these telegrains, "Felix Briarfield did not leave Paris for Italy, but for Marshminster, and Francis Briarfield, poor soul, is not at Bellin Hall, but lying in the Essex marshes.

That night at 5 o'clock I left for Marshminster.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Struggling with English. The unhappiest man in all Chicago was several trips from the office to the cafe, and wandered aimlessly about the hotel exclaiming now and then, "Effery time I opens my Scherman mouth I says some The count speaks English recksly, and he suffered Saturday for a mistake made the evening before, which was puite amusing to all but him. He was one of a jolly theater party that visited the restaurant after the performance. A very merry time was passed, and before the supper was over a noonday luncheon was planned for Monday. Of course the count was one of the first to be invited, and that honor was intrusted to Mrs. Woodrow, of the Hotel Woodruff. The young man was delighted to accept the kindness, and answered with adjectives profusely. Presently be said to Mrs. Woodrow:

"You vill pardon me off 1 got sume intermation. "With pleasure, count,"

"Das luncheon do kom at noon."
"At 1 o'clock."

"I doan lofe to ask, but as I'm inaccistomed to American vays I vant to learn someding. "I will be only too happy to inform you." "Est ist about mine appearance at das

oon luncheon?" "I will tell you." "Pardon, but vill I vear my night

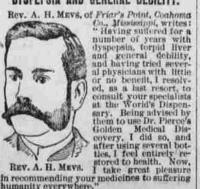
All eyes were turned toward Mrs. Woodrow, and her handsome face was a trifle colored. It was quieter around the table than a Sunday, only to be broken by a repetition of the same question by the count, who was entirely unconscious what a little word had done. Mrs. Woodrow was equal to the occasion, and when the count asked for the second time, "Pardon, but vill I vear my night dress?" she replied, "No; you might get the grip," and then hurrledly asked the count what he thought of the Thomas concert. When the party had broken up the gentlemen explained to the foreigner the difference between "night dress" and "evening dress."-Chicago Her-

Sorry He Spoke. A parrot belonging to a clergyman was generally taken out of the room when the family assembled for prayers, for fear he might take it into his head to join irreverently in the responses. One evening however, his presence happened to be unnoticed and he was entirely forgotten. For some time he maintained a decorous silence, but at length, instead of "Amen," out he came with "Cheer, boys, cheer!" On this the butler was directed to remove him, and had got as far as the door with him when the bird, perhaps thinking that he had committed himself and had better apologize, called out, "Sorry I spoke," The overpowering effect on the company may be more easily imagined than described.-New York Advertiser.

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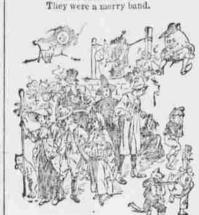
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What do you think he spied?
Why, Marjory Daw
On bad of straw.

Goody Two Shoes beside, Little Boy Blue Then came up, too, Holding Miss Espeep's hand Red Riding Hood Beside them stoot.



Then Simple SI Without his pie Came walking down the lane, But Horner Jack Had turned his back.

His plum had given him pain. The small girl that On tuffet sat
Was nervous quite until
Came My Son John, With stockings on, That spider large to kill.

Poor Poss came next, But rather vexed, All wet from down the well, And Gander Goose Sald 'twas no use



Jack Sprat and wife Came large as life, and with them Jack and Jill, Then Jenny Wren With niggers ten,

Who could not all keep still. Such numbers there That I declare
I not one more will say, And so the rest Must all be guessed Or else be kept away.

Which Is the King of Beasts! An Afraan hunter answers the ques-

tion in this way: Come with me to a desert pool some clear, moonlight night, when the shadows are deep and sharply cut and the moon becself in the dry, cloudless air looks like a ball. All is nearly as bright as day, only the light is silver, not gold. Sit down on that rock and watch the thirsty animals as they drink-buffalo, rhinoceros, antelope, quagga and occasionally, if the water is large, lions too. But what has frightened the antelope and quagga that they throw their heads up for a second and fade away into the shadows? The other beasts, too, are listening and now leave the sides of the pond. Nothing but the inevitable, irrepressible jackal, that gamin among SPRING wild things, remains in view. As yet your dull human ears have caught no sound, but very soon the heavy trend and low, rumbling note of an encoming herd of elephants reaches you. They are at the water. The jackals have sat down, with their tails straight out behind them, but not another creature is to be seen. The king drinks. Not a sound is heard. He squirts the water over his back, makes the whole pool muddy and retires solemnly. leaving his subjects, who now gather round, to make the best of what he has befouled. This is the king in the opinion

Pleasant Speech.

It was said of Edward the Confessor that he could deny a request so sweetly that his "No" was pleasanter than the 'Yes" of other people. "The love and admiration," says Canon Kingsley, "which that truly brave and loving man, Sir Philip Sidney, won from every one, rich and poor, with whom he came in con-tact, seem to have arisen from the fact that, without perhaps having any such conscious intention, he treated rich and poor, his own servants and the noblemen, his guests, alike, and alike courteously, considerately, cheerfully, affectionately so leaving a blessing wherever he went.' "Sir Walter (Scott) speaks to every man as if he were his blood relation," said a Scotch peasant 70 years ago of the great story teller.

An Answer Worthy of Solomon, Golden Days says it happened in Sunday school, and the subject under discusslon was Solomon and his wisdom. A little girl was asked to tell the story of Solomon and the women who quarreled over a child. This was her version: "Solomon was a very wise man. One day two women went to him quarreling about a baby. One woman said, 'This is my child,' and the other woman said, 'No; this in my child.' But Solomon spoke up and said: 'No, no, ladies, do not quarrel. Give me my sword, and I will make twins of him. so each of you can have one."

A Problem in Motion. A correspondent asks; If A and B are standing at the rear end of a train half a mile long and A walks to the front end, will be get to his destination before B, or does he travel faster? He is informed that if A's destination is half a mile forward from the place at which A and B stood to gether, and the train stands still, A un doubtedly travels faster that B and will get to his destination before B. In case the train if moving forward, A, while walking forward, goes faster than B and will get to his destination sooner—always provided that he jumps off promptly when he gets there. In the third case, in which the train backs, A, while walking forward, will be going slower than B, provided the train's speed is greater than A's. Whether in this case A or B will get to his destina tion first depends upon the speed of each afoot,-Baltimore Sun.

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From the K. Y. Tribune, Kou. 1, 1893.

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Market street, Gold Medal Brand.
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